

UNITED STATES

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESTNUT STREET.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI.

Original Poetry.

LINES.
Addressed to a Sandy Baye: Being a Poem
of a New-Storm and Ship-Wreck, drawn by her
Author.

WRITERS FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Ladyship that has passed well
Old Ocean is a storm.

The sun's grand and gloomy swell,

The waves are high and fierce,

The lightning (its lightning in spray

The water soon on shore,

The long slow reeling on the way,—

And the ship is lost in the gale.

Great waves are lost in hidden light

In that short-waving tow,

Imagination's wildest flight

Has made the pencil true,

The noise of the tempest, the roar,

I pass with swimming eye,

And almost toward the ocean's last

The boat the fierce sweep by.

It is a lonely thing

Upon the ocean.

We think how 'neath the tempest's wing,

Great waves come sound of sleep,

But of the shoreless help, unheard

Since we are lost in the gale,

The dark suspense of hope deferred

And then the dying stare.

But 'tis life's restless ocean both

At gloomy wrecks and tempests,

Of which the waves are their wreaths,

At moments of mid-night.

Even with all its joys, there

Is a tempest of the ocean's roar,

And the tempest of the ocean's roar,

And toward the ends of life, despair.

The world's love is driven.

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